

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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ONLY 19 More Shopping Days Before Xmas.

The Weather. South Carolina: Partly cloudy today and Friday; light to moderate variable winds.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY. True worth consists in being, not in seeming; in doing each day that goes by as if it were the last, not in dreaming of great things to do by and by.

Block the war tax. Whew! This rain is fine for the grain, eh? By the way, how was the aftermath of the Bolwyn banquet?

It is about time for Harry Thaw to come back. Now we will have to ask when he is talking about if a man tells us something about "before the war."

The trouble with the war, so far as we are concerned, is that business is neutral. What we want to know is this: Does the grain elevator carry the price of grain up any? If so, why not have a cotton elevator?

It is estimated that South Carolina spends \$12,000,000 a year for whiskey. Somebody else certainly must have gotten our share. The fault we find with the kaiser is, (wait, lets consult our Muse) He's the fellow, so we're told, who started this here war news.

It is like finding the last peanut in the bag rotten to feel good all day and then read some of this dad blasted war news and business conditions at night.

Somebody pinch Col. Bill Gardner, for it is evident that he is nodding. He wants to know why the grain campaigners don't use people what to do with the grain after it is harvested.

The Kaiser says it: WAR War tax War dogs War on business War on peace War on cupid War correspondents War news

It is a sorry citizen who would be seen paying in Anderson, if he once sees the streets in the condition they are now in, with mud six inches deep where there has been any traveling. Anderson should have miles of paved streets. The mud tax is much heavier than the paving tax could possibly be. We trust another winter will see Anderson with at least ten miles of paving.

Bringing It Home. I have called a conference of leading citizens to consider assisting the starving people of Europe. I will provide a nice lunch. I will see out the lunch. Let 'em see how it is to go hungry. They'll appreciate the situation better.

IT IS TO LAUGH

Governor Blease has appointed Eugene L. Kibler as State detective to go to Charleston and be present at the races, seeing if he can discover any evidence of gambling, etc. The following sentence appears at the close of the letters he has written Attorney General Peoples about the appointment: "However, please understand that I do not propose to make of myself a 'spy' or 'informer,' nor will any other respectable gentlemen do so." The newspapers have heralded the fact that Mr. Kibler has been appointed a detective to discover the evidences of gambling at the race meet, and with this notice, of course the bookmakers will arrange their gambling so that Mr. Kibler can catch them openly and not as a "spy" or "informer," which of course would not be "gentlemanly." This is about the same as if a detective instructed to catch alleged blind tigers should print a badge in large letters saying "I am a detective and will report all persons I catch selling liquor." Of course the race track gamblers will not make any effort to find out who Mr. Kibler is, and he will have an easy time "catching" them. It is to laugh.

TWO FARMERS

There is a merchant in a neighboring city who this year had two customers. Of course he had more than two customers, but for the purpose of this editorial, two are enough. One of these customers was a poor little one-horse farmer who made a small crop, but who purchased the necessary supplies for his family during the year from this merchant. The other was what one calls a prosperous farmer who had broad acres, and who is rated as A1 in Bradstreet or Dunn. This farmer also purchased supplies from this merchant. Fall came, and paying time. The one-horse farmer brought the merchant every pound of his cotton, and when his cotton crop was exhausted he went to the merchant and said: "I have brought you all my cotton, which is not enough to pay you in full. I still have some corn and a horse, some hogs and a cow. Now if there is not any arrangement I can make which will be entirely satisfactory to you, I will bring you some corn, and turn over my horse and cow, and all I have to you." The other farmer did not bother to come to see the merchant, but when he was seen by the merchant he did not even discuss the matter with him. Although he had not paid the merchant a cent, he exclaimed: "Me sell cotton at the present price? No, indeed, I shall not do anything of the kind."

Are these two farmers types, or are there others like them? Which of these, think you, kind reader, is the honest man, and which will be held in highest esteem by the business world?

IS THE SOUTH A BEGGAR?

Everywhere one hears comments on the unfortunate attitude that the South has been placed in, on account of the apparent desire to appeal for outside aid when the adverse conditions brought about by the war began to affect her people. The other sections of the country have the idea that the South is composed of beggars, which is, of course, not true, and is being resented by all true Southerners. The "buy a bale" movement has reacted against the South and has proven a veritable boomerang. Not enough cotton was purchased at this price to do any body any good, and it gave the rest of the country the excuse they needed to knock the South, and they have taken full advantage of the condition brought about by this philanthropic movement.

Editor Powell, of the Clearwater Evening Sun, a little paper published in a Florida town of three thousand souls, has the following to say relative to "The South Praying Itself to Death." Years ago I was sent over to Honolulu to write a piece about annexing those peagreen islands to the United States. The reason my paper gave me the assignment was that I was so tall and lean that they felt that the cannibals would pass me up. While snooping around Molokai one day I ran into a bunch of kanakas who were performing a strange rite. Upon inquiry I learned that there had been no death in the community for some time, nor a birth for that matter, and a native feast, or luau was needed. They had to have their social doings and church socials were not yet popular. So they were praying a good able-bodied citizen to death.

That's the trouble with the South right now. Excuse for a Funeral. They are praying themselves to death. The peach crop couldn't be killed by a frost, the boll weevil would not boll, and there is such a fine demand for corn and steel and sugar and dyes and chemicals, and so on, and so the fool people hit on the European war as an excuse to make a funeral.

All this talk of hard times is merely mental. Cotton, they say, is low, yet the price of a little ball of cotton twice has risen since the war from 5 cents to 5 cents. If cotton gets much lower the price will probably be twelve cents. The reason of the increase of price is because there are

Ferrero Thinks War Is Sure To Last Two Years

Noted Italian Historian Fears Hatred Stirred by Conflict Will Lead to Destruction of Germany, Who Will Drag Europe Down in Crash.

(By Guglielmo Ferrero, the eminent historian.)

At the time the European war broke out the majority of the people thought that the upheaval was too big to last long. "In three months," it was stated, "war will be over, for the simple reason that it can not last longer." It was owing to this belief that the fear caused by the war to all of us was allayed.

More than three months have elapsed and today even the most optimistic must admit that we are only at the beginning of the very beginning. The rapid invasion of France, which seemed to be the Germans' plan, has been checked. But after three months of fighting neither side succeeds in repulsing the adversary.

Likewise on the Russian border and on the borders of the two German empires Germans and Russians, Russians and Austrians have fought for two months. It is now the one and now the other that advance, but neither seems able to make a decisive step forward.

War Then and Now.

How far away back the heroic times are when the longest campaign lasted only two months, and the times when the armies came face to face, felt each other with a few gunshots, and away to the attack that decided the day! They went at each other on horseback or on foot, with the sword, the lance or the bayonet, and from dawn to sunset they fought for a decisive result.

Would the heroes of the empire and of the revolution do the same today? What would Kellerman, or Desaix, or Marmat, or Ney do? Today the battle fields appear empty. Trenches follow trenches as far as the eye can reach, on plains or hills, for hundreds of miles. Now and then a rising column of smoke betrays the guns, vomiting their shells, and back of the guns some men crawling rapidly away.

The days go by, the guns continue to roar, and the men remain hidden in their trenches, suffering from cold and hunger, mowed down by diseases more than by fire, without knowing what they are doing, what is happening, small particles of an immense and incomprehensible whole.

Some 20 years ago there flourished in Europe a school which thought and taught that the deadliness of modern weapons and the sizes of the armies would make war impossible—or very short. The most famous of these writers was Block, the Russian banker, whose book, it was at the time said, persuaded the Czar to invite the European nations to The Hague congress in order to reach an understanding on the question of disarmament.

This theory was undoubtedly wrong if the word "impossible" was taken in its precise meaning. Unfortunately, the facts have proved that in the year

of our Lord 1914 it is not impossible for a maddened government to declare not one but several wars in a few days, to compel the largest nations of Europe to call under the colors every able man and send them to exterminate each other with rifles and guns, in Belgium and Champagne, Russia and Galicia and Poland.

The methods wherewith the Germans are conducting the war operations, the continuous violation of international treaties, the destruction of cities and villages, the levy of war tributes have maddened the Allies.

Bitter Hatred Stirred.

This sentiment is too human for us to wonder at the complete way it fills the heart of Frenchmen and Englishmen alike. And while this bitter hatred inflames the souls of the Allies, it looks as if Germany was doing her utmost to increase the provocation, as if her mind were filled with a craving for destruction.

Let us not deceive ourselves. If this war continues a month or two longer, with increased bitterness, France and England will exact the complete destruction of the German empire; they will not permit even its memory to survive. It is easy, then, to predict the future awaiting Europe!

The two German empires will be certainly beaten, inasmuch as the coalition is by far the strongest, and has at its disposal reserves immensely superior. But how long will it take? The results of the war today are not favorable to Germany, as Germany has attempted a triple offensive, in Belgium, France and Russia, with reckless audacity.

But the day Germany should be forced to defend herself in her own heart against foes from whom she knows, after what has happened, she can expect neither mercy nor quarter, her task would become infinitely easier, and the situation, with its advantages and disadvantages, would, in a certain measure, be inverted. And how long would war then last with these colossal armies so slow in accomplishing their task?

Ready for 20 Years War. "Even 20 years, if necessary," was the courageous answer of The London Times. A large number of Englishmen do not believe it will be necessary to renew the titanic efforts of Napoleon's time; but the most optimistic admit that we can not last more than two years.

This is just what is required to ruin Europe, her industries, her commerce, her intellectual life, the governments which rule her; to obliterate the traditions left intact by the revolutionary spirit characterizing our age. Is this, indeed, the future staring at us in the Old World? I would like to answer in the negative, but I can't summon up enough courage to do it. Germany will fall, but I fear she will drag Europe in her ruin.

or less in obedience, awaiting the first of the year. There is no real reason why men should be reluctant pending the coming in 1915, but they are, just the same.

The thing for us all to do, therefore, is to turn over a new business leaf when the old year is ending. Get rid of this psychological depression, and the actual depression will be less. The past few months have convinced the country that starvation is not faced, some of the politicians to the contrary notwithstanding. This fact should be very generally recognized by the first of the year, and then, having recognized it, the nation should see a renewed interest in business. Pay up, if you can, and go on about your business on an liberal a scale as possible. Free your mind from fear which is based on some vague rumor or upon the psychological effect of gloom. Take cognizance of actual conditions, and forget those conditions which are merely imagined.—Greenville Daily News.

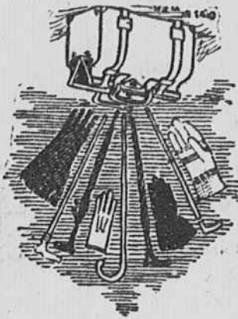
OUR DAILY POEM

The Girl of the Farm. The girl of the farm—God bless her! God bless her cheerful face, (And this song that trips from her rosy lips, As she toils with a willing grace, God bless her bright eyes, smiling, Aglow with a wondrous charm, And her voice, so sweet and cheery— God bless the girl of the farm!

The girl of the farm—God bless her! God bless her willing hands, That never shirk the hourly work, Which the good of the farm demands. In spite of the many duties, That tax her brain and arm, She still has time to be happy— This precious girl of the farm.

The girl of the farm—God bless her! God keep her loving heart Free from the faintest care, Of pride and guile and art. Make her triumph always, O'er sorrow and toil and harm, And all the world will love her, As we love the girl of the farm. —Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil.

On His Guard. "Ribbed velvet will be worn this year," remarked Eve. "Do I have to lose any more ribs?" demanded Adam.



If you want to bag a few things as well as a bag, make a little rush of your own before the general rush.

Today here are a few of our special attractions:

Walking sticks.

Silk Umbrellas.

Gloves, for the wheel and for the "whoa," some are knit and some are not, some are kid and some are cape, some are fur and all are fine, for Christmas presents at this time, \$1 to \$3.50.

Hand Bags and Suit Cases, \$1 to \$12.50.

Trunks, \$5 up.

B.D. Cranst Co. The Store with a Conscience

GRAINS AND GROANS

The Thanksgiving Turkey. Our fathers used to love to see The family turkey, Home-fattened on the place was he, Puffed up and perky.

Down in the lot he'd strut about and wander gaily, And all the kids would anble out To see him daily.

They loved to watch the bird get fat On daily forage, We have no simple joys like that; Ours is in storage.

Not Just Yet. "Why doesn't Congress investigate this European war?" "Nobody in congress cares for that sort of junk."

Handy to Borrow From. The office girl supplants the boy, The boy was not a pet, But now and then you miss him when You want a cigarette.

MOVIES WILL SHOW TUBERCULOSIS PREVENTION

Red Cross Seal Sale to be Aided by Motion Picture on Tuberculosis in Children.

As an aid in the Red Cross Christmas Seal sale and the Anti-Tuberculosis campaign, a motion picture dealing with the problem of tuberculosis in children has been prepared by Thomas A. Edison, and beginning next week it will be shown throughout the country. The film was produced in cooperation with the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

The plot of the picture, which is entitled "The Temple of Moloch," is laid in a small village, the chief industries of which are some potteries, owned by Harrison Pratt. He also owns a group of dilapidated tenements, in which most of his employees live. Dr. Jordan, health officer of the village, is struck with the prevalence of tuberculosis and on investigation finds that the unsanitary working conditions in the Pratt potteries, together with the unhealthy state of the tenement homes of the workmen have most to do with the spread of the disease. He calls the matter to the attention of Pratt, who rebuffs him and tells him it is no use to try to do anything in the matter.

Meanwhile Dr. Jordan has fallen in love with Eloise, the daughter of Harrison Pratt, and she has become interested in his work, particularly that in the prevention for children from tuberculous families. Three times Jordan appeals to Pratt, and each time he is rebuffed. Finally, in despair between his love for Eloise and his duty, he exposes the conditions he has discovered through articles in the newspapers in which he calls the Pratt potteries and tenements a modern "Temple of Moloch," in that they feed young children to the God of Greed. When Eloise, who is ignorant of conditions in the factory, sees the paper she immediately resents what she considers an insult to her father and returns her engagement ring to Dr. Jordan.

A week later Pratt's daughter and son are found to have tuberculosis. When Eric Swanson, a former employe of Pratt's, who had been discharged because he had contracted "potter's rot" in the mills and was no longer able to work, hears of it, he exults over the calamity, which he views as a sort of personal vengeance. He musters all of his strength and stanzas away to the Pratt home, where Eloise and her brother are taking the cure for tuberculosis on the porch and there denounces Pratt, gloating over him and telling him that his son and daughter were originally infected as young children by Eric Swanson, when she served as nurse-girl for the Pratt several years ago. So struck is Pratt by this denunciation and the graphic story of Swanson, which is affirmed by Dr. Jordan, that he decides to clean up conditions in his potteries and tenements at once.

The story ends with a Christmas scene, in which the engagement ring is returned to the hand of Eloise, and Dr. Jordan receives as a present a liberal check for the employment of visiting nurses, the establishment of open air schools and other anti-tuberculosis agencies in the town.

THE PLEASURE OF DOING YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

NOW

It will be a satisfaction to you to devote a little while every day, from now on, to thinking of the most appropriate Christmas gift for you to give to this friend or that, and to contemplate an ever increasing array of neatly belted packages laid by to wait the coming of Christmas.

Every day from now on the numbers of such shoppers will increase until the "peak of the load" is reached just before Christmas.

But the early comers will find These Superb Stocks at their best.

Many a unique thing that cannot be replaced, once it is sold.

Whole groups of merchandise, coming from abroad, which will hardly be duplicated.

Less hurry in shopping, hence better attention.

Besides the unselfish satisfaction in making things vastly easier for the sales people, the delivery, and the whole store service.

Watch The Intelligencer's every issue for important Xmas suggestions from the Anderson merchants.

SASSEEN, The Ad Man.

Advertisement for Ed. Pinaud's Lilac perfume. Includes text: "Let me send you FREE PERFUME Write today for a testing bottle of ED. PINAUD'S LILAC"

The GIFT That CHEERS

Advertisement for Barler Ideal Heater. Includes text: "COMFORT for everybody—a gift that is useful, from cellar to garret. So be sure and mark down BARLER SMOKELESS OIL HEATER on your Christmas list."

Sullivan Hardware Company Anderson, S. C. Greenville, S. C. Belton, S. C.